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John Street, Napanee, Ont.

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Over T. Molloy's Dry Goods Store.
Money to Lend at 8 per cent.

Cartwright & Gibson,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-Law, So-
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Public, etc. OFFICE—Grange Block,
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PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur.
Office and Residence, two doors east
from the Bank of Montreal, near the Con-
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Reeve & Morden,
BARRISTERS and Attorneys-at-Law
Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers,
etc. OFFICE—Perry's New Block Dundas
Street, Napanee, Ontario.
W. A. REEVE, M. A., A. L. MORDEN.
Co. Crown Attorney.

E. A. Deroche,
OFFICIAL ASSIGNEE, under New Act
of 1875.
Office in H. M. Deroche's Law Office.

Williams & Hooper,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-Law, So-
licitors in Chancery and Insolvency,
Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc.,
Napanee, Ontario.
W. S. WILLIAMS, E. V. HOOPER, M. A.
Official Assignee.

W. F. Hall,
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vent Act of 1875. Fire Insurance
Agent, &c. Office of Napanee Paper Mills,
East Street.

Henderson & Coats,

Napanee

J. B. BENSON, Publisher.)

VOL. 15.

"THE GREATEST C

NAPANEE, ONT

A GEM FOR EVERY MONTH

JANUARY.

By her who in this month is born
No gem save garnets should be worn
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

FEBRUARY.

The February-born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind;
Freedom from passion and from care
If they the amethyst will wear.

MARCH.

Who in this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise;
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a bloodstone to their grav

APRIL.

She who from April dates her years
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY.

Who first behold the light of day
In Spring's sweet flowery month of
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

JUNE.

Who comes with Summer to this ear
And owes to Juno her day of birth,
With ring and agate on her hand
Can health, wealth and long life com

JULY.

The glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

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Wear a sardonyx, or for thee
No congenial fidelity;
The August-born without this stone
Tis said must live unloved and alone.

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A sapphire on her brow should bind
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And hope will lull those woes to rest.

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Emblem of friends and lovers true.

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Place on your hand a turquoise blue
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Napanee.

JAMES F. BARTLES.

Napanee, Sept. 12th, 1876.

FOR CHEAP

NOT EXPLAINED.

A Story in Three Parts.

PART II.—(CONTINUED.)

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JOHN COATS, Solicitor in High Courts of Judicature, and Notary Public, English Courts.

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Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

Special Attention paid to Diseases of the Eye.

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F. Bartlett,

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Mair's Machine Shop,

STEAM ENGINES and all kinds of Boilers made to order. Also all kinds of Machinery repaired on the shortest notice. Remember the place, opposite the City Hotel, corner of Adelaide and old C. Streets.

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Imperial Life Insurance Co. OFFICE LONDON (ESTABLISHED 1803,) Capital and Reserve Fund £1,969,000. Stirling. Funds invested in Canada.—\$105,000 in General Assets.

CATARRH!

Five Years' Sickness Cured by Four Bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy.

Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, and Droppings in Throat Disappear.

ST. AM AND P. Q., Sept. 12, 1876.

MR. T. J. B. HARDING,

DEAR IR:—Being desirous that others may know something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am twenty-nine years old; had been out of health for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit, but continued rather to grow worse, until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe soreness and pain in my shoulder blades and throughout my shoulders, with very lame back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs, such was my condition when I commenced to take your catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which eased my pains, and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health so as to be able to endure hard and continued labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely, with God's blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy.

Yours truly HENRY NIDER,

Price \$1 per bottle; For sale by all Druggists

Consumption Cured!

An old physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indi Missionary the formula of a Vegetable Remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and all throat and Lung Affections; also a Positive and Radical Cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send FREE OF CHARGE to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

DR. W. C. STEVENS,
Box 86, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

The PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY!

WHEN you are ill and don't know how to get over it, you generally send for your physician. If the opinion of 16 LEADING PHYSICIANS of Montreal is considered worthy of confidence, you will try.

DR. BURNBAUM'S RHEUMATISM

AND

GOUT REMEDY

To the efficacy of which those 16 physicians have certified for the cure of

RHEUMATISM,

NEURALGIA,

LUMBAGO, GOUT,

STIFFNESS IN JOINTS,

OR LIMBS,

SPRAINS,

FROST BITES,

CHILBLAINS,

BRUISES, CUTS, BURNS,

WANDERING PAINS, &c.

It has cured several of these physicians and thousands of others in Canada, and is now considered, on this continent, as well as in Europe, the only reliable remedy for all Rheumatic affections.

The *fac simile* signatures of 16 leading physicians of Montreal are on each bottle as a guarantee of its efficacy.

For sale by all druggists at 50 cents and \$1 per bottle. Certificates of physicians are on each bottle, and can be had also by applying to

CHARLES MARTIN,
Montreal,
Sole Agent for Canada and U. S.

One of the Testimonials.

From Dr. Duncan McCallum, Montreal.

The undersigned, have been suffering very much for the last two years from Rheumatism in the ankle joint, so much that I was often prevented from attending to my calling, but three applications of Dr. Birnbaum's Rheumatism and Gout Remedy gave me that relief from pain and stiffness which I did not exper-

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FOR CHEAP

GROCERIES,

CROCKERY &

GLASSWARE,

GO TO

GEORGE REID'S

NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE.

DUNDAS STREET, NAPANEE.

A. PETERS, ODESSA,

DEALER IN

Sash, Doors, and Mouldings, Cheese Boxes, Tubs, Firlings, etc.

I am now making a very superior article in a sawed cheese box; which I will sell at 12s. All orders intrusted to me will receive prompt attention.

POTTER BROS.,

LIVERY AND SALE STABLES

(ADJOINING THE ERISCO HOUSE.)

NAPANEE, ONT.

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JNO. A. REID



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Who first comes to this world below With drear November fog and snow Should prize the topaz, amber hue—Emblem of friends and lovers true.

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If cold December gave you birth, The month of snow and ice and mirth Place on your hand a turquoise blue, Success will bless whate'er you do.

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"Good heavens! I was right. He is, too!"

We had come to a large narrow pier almost hidden by a projecting pillar corner of the gallery—the portrait lady in a canary-colored gown, sleeves puffed and slashed with red, bodice cut square over the bosom whose downy whiteness was partly den by a lace handkerchief. Clusters of diamonds and rubies glittering at throat, and in her ears; and one hand was curled round the neck of a black hound, whose dark muzzle rested on knee. Her hair, which was black curly was worn low on her forehead down her neck behind; and the wavy face was lit by an expression of mild sweetness mingled with an innocent consciousness of her own beauty, beautiful face indeed! so beautiful! I had never seen its like but once before the face of "my lord's sister" as looked that evening when I met her in the park.

Naturally my violent start and exclamation—for which, indeed, I could bitten out my tongue—excited a wonder in those about me, and my reply:

"She? Why, Mr. Le Fane, what you know of this too fair and foolish creature of mine?"

The tone was a little haughty, an stammered something about having taken the face of the portrait of some else—some one I had seen. I asked whether it had ever been engraved or exhibited—at a loan collection hops!

"Oh dear no!" he said. None of portraits had ever been allowed to be copied or removed from the Abbey; indeed, till within the last hundred years this one had not been visible to the visitors, being covered with a curtain; he pointed to some blackened fragm of drapery still suspended to a cord inches above the frame.

Napanee Express

"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

NAPANEE, ONT., FRIDAY, FEB. 9, 1877.

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and would see no one; had that picture, unfinished as it was, hung up in the corner, and covered with a black cloth; and died in the course of a year or so."

"And the cousin?" I asked. It had come over me with an unpleasant thrill that the man with the sinister eyes should, after all, be connected with her.

"Ah! poor fellow, I'm afraid he must have been harder hit by the pretty runaway than men are nowadays. They say he never got over her flight, but moped about for some weeks, and then went away, and joined the Commonwealth in a fit of spleen. At her father's death he became ninth baron, and married a Scotch lady; but the Restoration took place shortly afterward, and he was of course a disgraced man; and whether it was that, or a domestic jar (for they say he led a cat-and-dog life with his wife), or the old wound, I know not, but he died one day by his own hand. Yes, it is a handsome portrait; but we are not proud of the original, for she was the only woman of our race that ever 'went wrong,' as the saying is; and, besides, she carried off with her things of great value to the rest of the family.

"Ah! the jewels," said his wife. "I have often read of them in the Abbey chronicles. Have you noticed how beautiful they are in the picture, Mr. Le Fane?"

"Yes," said my host. "They were given us by a French King, and were of great value. She wore them when sitting for her portrait, and she ran away with them the same day. It was affair of the jade, for they didn't belong to her; and were doubtless broken up and sold for a tenth of their value by Master Groom."

"But they have recovered since!" I exclaimed. "The present lord's sister has worn them, has she not? Pardon me, I have an object in asking, for I saw astonishment on more than one face, and felt that I was bound to explain."

"Most certainly not. They have never even been heard of since her disappearance; nor have we any like them in the family," said my host, "May I ask your object in—?"

"One moment. You will laugh at me; but let me ask you one other question first. You have a sister, or had, ten years ago, most wonderfully like her ill-fated ancestress, have you not? and who wore a dress, made in exact imitation of this, at an entertainment here? Perhaps you would not know it; but it was in the spring of 1865."

"Your questions certainly rouse my curiosity for their explanation," my host answered. "We have a sister, undoubtedly but who does not, in any way, resemble this portrait. I myself was staying here through the spring and winter of 1865, and there were no entertainments given here, beyond dinner parties and open concert, at all. I remember the concert, because my sister came up to arrange about it. It was at the beginning of March—"

"Yes, yes," I said, eagerly; "the first week."

"And she took the whole management of it. My brother's wife was then too delicate for anything of the sort. As to her dress, I don't remember what it was, possibly velvet—she is the eldest of the family, you know—but certainly in no

Verschoyle was again at the Abbey. He had missed him from town, but suppose he was somewhere with his regiment, and had not, indeed, given much thought to him. The body of the letter, however, was too mysteriously exciting to be disregarded. Artists are proverbially bird on the wing; and, having previous telegraphed to say I would come, I too the train for Ditchley that same afternoon.

At the Abbey I was received, not by my former hosts, but by Verschoyle an Lord Marloes himself, the latter of whom met me in the hall with an air of satisfaction at my coming, mingled with a certain gravity and excitement which showed me that the discovery alluded to was not without serious import. My questions as to what it was were, however, disregarded by both gentlemen; and while I was taking some refreshment after my journey, Verschoyle seized the opportunity to question me over again as to my adventure, which he had already related to Lord Marloes, asking me to repeat every little detail of the walk and remarking, with some acumen, the my remembrance of the whole affair was more vivid than when I had first spoke it.

I said that was perfectly true; as, when a long by gone history is suddenly recalled to one's mind, the minor incident connected with it are less apt to come to the surface than when subsequent thought has cleared and revived the impressions of the past. Likewise, that had been fortunate in finding a sketch made the day after the occurrence I had described; as also some private notes, chiefly relating to sky tints and other data of the day's work, but containing sundry details bearing on the event in question, and which I might otherwise have forgotten.

"A sketch! That is more fortunate than I expected," cried Lord Marloes. "You didn't know of that, Verschoyle I hope, Mr. Le Fane, you have got with you!"

My answer was to take the canvas from a small square parcel which I had brought into the room, and to lay it on the table before him.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the surprise of both Lord Marloes and his friend when they looked at what was, to all appearance, a copy of the picture upstairs. It was not till after some minute had been given to its expression, an Verschoyle had pointed out the word "A sister of Lord Marloes, taken in Ditchley Park," with the date rough scrawled in paint on the back of the canvas, that my host said:

"You mentioned a look of slight offence on the girl's face; but here it is bright enough, with somewhat of a listening expression, according to me idea."

"Your idea is correct. That is precisely the expression she wore when she turned her head as if to look whence the approaching footsteps came. It was not till she saw—not till afterward, the her face-changed, and she turned her head directly and hurried on."

"Pardon me," he said, "but you altered your sentence just now. You were going to say she saw—what? May I as

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The glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

AUGUST.

Wear a sardonyx, or for thee
No congenial fidelity;
The August-born without this stone
'Tis said must live unloved and alone.

SEPTEMBER.

A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A sapphire on her brow should bind—
Twill cure diseases of the mind.

OCTOBER.

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull those woes to rest.

NOVEMBER.

Who first comes to this world below
With drear November fog and snow
Should prize the topaz, amber hue—
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

DECEMBER.

If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a turquoise blue,
Success will bless whate'er you do.

NOT EXPLAINED.

A Story in Three Parts.

PART II.—(CONTINUED.)

THE SECOND TIME.

I had never seen the picture or any copies of it before. I had never met anyone in the least reminding me of it. If you ask me how a face, thus utterly strange and unfamiliar, could remind me of a sound, unconnected with face or shape of any sort, I cannot answer. I can only aver as solemnly as I stand here that it did, and so intimately that one seemed as it were only a concomitant of the other. I made no comment on it whatever. I went on, answered some queries of my host's relative to another portrait, and then—stopped short, as it struck by a sudden blow, and cried out so loud as to startle them all.

"Good heavens! I was right. Here she is, too!"

We had come to a large narrow picture almost hidden by a projecting pillar at a corner of the gallery—the portrait of a lady in a canary-colored gown, the sleeves puffed and slashed with dark red, bodice cut square over the bosom, whose downy whiteness was partly hidden by a lace handkerchief. Clusters of diamonds and rubies glittering at her throat, and in her ears; and one hand was curled round the neck of a huge hound, whose dark muzzle rested on her knee. Her hair, which was black and curly was worn low on her forehead and down her neck behind; and the whole face was lit by an expression of mirthful sweetness mingled with an innocent consciousness of her own beauty. A beautiful face indeed! so beautiful that I had never seen its like but once before—the face of "my lord's sister" as she looked that evening when I met her in the park.

Naturally my violent start and exclamation—for which, indeed, I could have bitten out my tongue—excited a little wonder in those about me, and my host replied:

"She? Why, Mr. Le Fane, what can you know of this too fair and foolish creature of mine?"

The tone was little haughty, and I stammered something about having taken the face of the portrait of some one else—some one I had seen. I even asked whether it had ever been engraved or exhibited—at a loan collection perhaps?

"Oh dear no!" he said. None of the portraits had ever been allowed to be copied or removed from the Abbey; and indeed, till within the last hundred years this one had not been visible to the visitors, being covered with a curtain; and he pointed to some blackened fragments of drapery still suspended to a cord some inches above the frame.

great value. She wore them when sitting for her portrait, and she ran away with them the same day. It was affair of the jade, for they didn't belong to her; and were doubtless broken up and sold for a tenth of their value by Master Groom.

"But they have recovered since?" I exclaimed. "The present lord's sister has worn them, has she not? Pardon me, I have an object in asking," for I saw astonishment on more than one face, and that I was bound to explain.

"Most certainly not. They have never even been heard of since her disappearance; nor have we any like them in the family," said my host, "May I ask your object in—?"

"One moment. You will laugh at me; but let me ask you one other question first. You have a sister, or had, ten years ago, most wonderfully like her ill-fated actress, have you not? and who wore a dress, made in exact imitation of this, at an entertainment here? Perhaps you would not know it; but it was in the spring of 1865."

"Your questions certainly rouse my curiosity for their explanation," my host answered. We have a sister, undoubtedly but who does not, in any way, resemble this portrait. I myself was staying here through the spring and winter of 1865, and there were no entertainments given here, beyond dinner parties and ope concert, at all. I remember the concert, because my sister came up to arrange about it. It was at the beginning of March—"

"Yes, yes," I said, eagerly; "the first week."

"And she took the whole management of it. My brother's wife was then too delicate for anything of the sort. As to her dress, I don't remember what it was, possibly velvet—she is the eldest of the family, you know—but certainly in no way resembling this. Verschoyle knows her very well. She married Lork Castle

garden the year afterward."

Lady Castlegarden! Of course I knew her well, too, by sight; had seen her scores of times in the Park and Row. A large, handsome woman enough, but who must have been past thirty ten years ago; a woman no more like—no more to be compared with the lovely, liquid-eyed beauty of that spring evening, than night is to morning.

In a few words I told him the brief story of my adventure, and shortly afterward I went away. There has been a great deal of laughter and questioning, and many exclamations and suggestions that I had seen the picture, or even a sketch of it before—perhaps as a child; or had heard it described, and dreamt about it; or had seen a fancy dress somewhat resembling the one in the portrait, and had fancied the likeness in the face. Very plausible and well-sounding suggestions they all were but, as it happened, in no way corresponding to the plan, unintelligible fact of the case, and only affecting me in so far as to make me glad that there was one point in the story which I had kept back from them, as to fanciful even to bear the test of my own repeating—the shadow step at my side, and the ghastly, unaccountable thrill with which I had connected that step with the sinister eyey cousin, who, I now learnt, had been one of the Lady Dorothea's slighted adorers.

Naturally my violent start and exclamation—for which, indeed, I could have bitten out my tongue—excited a little wonder in those about me, and my host replied:

"She? Why, Mr. Le Fane, what can you know of this too fair and foolish creature of mine?"

The tone was little haughty, and I stammered something about having taken the face of the portrait of some one else—some one I had seen. I even asked whether it had ever been engraved or exhibited—at a loan collection perhaps?

"Oh dear no!" he said. None of the portraits had ever been allowed to be copied or removed from the Abbey; and indeed, till within the last hundred years this one had not been visible to the visitors, being covered with a curtain; and he pointed to some blackened fragments of drapery still suspended to a cord some inches above the frame.

thought has cleared and revived the impressions of the past. Likewise, that had been fortunate in finding a sketch made the day after the occurrence I had described; as also some private notes, chiefly relating to sky tints and other data of the day's work, but containing sundry details bearing on the event in question, and which I might otherwise have forgotten.

"A sketch! That is more fortunate than I expected," cried Lord Marloes. "You didn't know of that, Verschoyle? I hope, Mr. Le Fane, you have got it with you!"

My answer was to take the canvas from a small square parcel which I had brought into the room, and to lay it on the table before him.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the surprise of both Lord Marloes and his friend when they looked at what was, to all appearance, a copy of the picture up stairs. It was not till after some minutes had been given to its expression, and Verschoyle had pointed out the words, "A sister of Lord Marloes, taken in Ditchley Park," with the date roughly scrawled, in paint on the back of the canvas, that my host said:

"You mentioned a look of feign and offence on the girl's face; but here it is bright enough, with somewhat of a listening expression, according to my idea."

"Your idea is correct. That is precisely the expression she wore when she turned her head as if to look whence the approaching footsteps came. It was not till she saw—not till afterward, that her face-changed, and she turned her head directly and hurried on."

My host looked at me keenly.

"Pardon me," he said, "but you altered your sentence just now. You were going to say she saw—what! May I ask you to go on?"

"I would rather not, my lord; simply because what I was going to add appears even to myself too fanciful to be put into words. But it is this I mentioned to you—the resulting sound like the stealthy step of some one following me which first attracted my attention. Well, no sooner did I see the young lady I have sketched, than I became conscious in some unaccountable fashion that it was she, not I, who was being followed; that she saw what I could not see; and that it was this sight which brought the change over her face which I have described."

"And you have no idea what it was? You saw nothing! You have nothing more to tell us then?" cried Lord Marloes, in such evident disappointment, that, at the risk of mockery, I made up my mind to tell him all.

"I saw nothing," I answered; "but as to any idea what it was—if, as I expect, you have already set me down as a maniac, you will not be surprised at what I am now going to tell you being in keeping with the rest of my madcap. You know that portrait of this fair lady's cousin? When I came in front of it last year, never having seen it before, mark you! nor having as yet seen hers. I felt (how or why I cannot tell you) that it was the step of the man painted there that I heard in this park ten years before and I knew (how or why I cannot tell either) that it was he, and no other, who forced from her that cry for help which had made me hasten, though all in vain, to the rescue."

My host rose to my feet.

"Whether you are a maniac or not," he said, gravely, "your story is the strangest and most unaccountable I have ever heard; and you will not think it less so, when you have seen what I have to show you. Will you come this way?"

Without another word he opened the door and passed out of the room, Verschoyle and I following him.

At the entrance of the picture gallery, however, those two drew back, and suffered me to precede them a little. I did not go very far.

There on the wall before me, hung the painted image of the fair Lady Dorothea whose discredited name had been a thorn and a slur on the family for so many generations, her bright eyes and laughing lips, which had carried away so many hearts, still beaming on me from the can-

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some queries of my history—other portrait, and then—stopped short, as if struck by a sudden blow, and cried out so loud as to startle them all.

"Good heavens! I was right. Here she is, too!"

We had come to a large narrow picture almost hidden by a projecting pillar at a corner of the gallery—the portrait of a lady in a canary-colored gown, the sleeves puffed and slashed with dark red, bodice cut square over the bosom, whose downy whiteness was partly hidden by a lace handkerchief. Clusters of diamonds and rubies glittering at her throat, and in her ears; and one hand was curled round the neck of a huge hound, whose dark muzzle rested on her knee. Her hair, which was black and curly, was worn low on her forehead and down her neck behind; and the whole face was lit by an expression of mirthful sweetness mingled with an innocent consciousness of her own beauty. A beautiful face indeed! so beautiful that I had never seen its like but once before—the face of "my lord's sister" as she looked that evening when I met her in the park.

Naturally my violent start and exclamation—for which, indeed, I could have bitten out my tongue—excited a little wonder in those about me, and my host replied:

"She? Why, Mr. Le Fane, what can you know of this too fair and foolish ancestress of mine?"

The tone was a little haughty, and I stammered something about having taken the face of the portrait of some one else—some one I had seen. I even asked whether it had ever been engraved or exhibited—at a loan collection perhaps?

"Oh dear no!" he said. None of the portraits had ever been allowed to be copied or removed from the Abbey; and indeed, till within the last hundred years this one had not been visible to the visitors, being covered with a curtain; and he pointed to some blackened fragments of drapery still suspended to a cord some inches above the frame.

"The portrait, then, has a history?" I said, with as much coolness as I could command. "Certainly the original must have been beautiful enough to warrant one. May we hear it, if the request is not impudent?"

"By all means. The fair Lady Dorothea lived too long ago for her follies to affect us personally (even as a warning to you, my dear)," nodding his head at his blooming sister-in-law, who was somehow always to be found lingering with Verchoyle in the rear of the rest of the party. "The story is only too common, I'm afraid, and is simply this: She was very lovely, as you see, and had a host of lovers, as you infer. Also she was a coquette, and so hard to please that she couldn't make up her mind as to whom to take; and a story got abroad that she had so far disgraced herself as to set her affections on a person far beneath her in station—a groom, I believe, who was, in point of fact, dismissed his place as soon as the report reached the ears of the family. A fortnight later my lady disappeared too. She had been sitting for her picture—you will see that part of the background and drapery are still furnished—and went out in the park afterward, under pretence of looking for her favorite hound, which, she said, had run away from her. At any rate she had the hound for his neck in her hand when she was last seen leaving the garden door, and she returned no more. Every search and enquiry after her was made, headed by her cousin, the bearded gentleman there, at whose portrait you were gazing so intently a few minutes back, and who was one of her most ardent suitors. From

private information, however, he learned in the course of a few days that she had actually fled across the seas with this very servant fellow; and from that day, you may guess, her name was dropped so completely from the memory of the Abbey. The shock and disgrace broke her father's heart. He grew quite childless, shut himself up in his private rooms,

must have been past thirty ten years ago; a woman no more like—no more to be compared with the lovely, liquid-eyed beauty of that spring evening, than night is to morning.

In a few words I told him the brief story of my adventure, and shortly afterward I went away. There has been a great deal of laughter and questioning, and many exclamations and suggestions that I had seen the picture, or even a sketch of it before—perhaps as a child; or had heard it described, and dreamt about it; or had seen a fancy dress somewhat resembling the one in the portrait, and had fancied the likeness in the face. Very plausible and well-sounding suggestions they all were but, as it happened, in no way corresponding to the plain, unintelligible fact of the case, and only affecting me in so far as to make me glad that there was one point in the story which I had kept back from them, as too fanciful even to bear the test of my own repeating—the shadow step at my side, and the ghastly, unaccountable thrill with which I had connected that step with the sinister eyed cousin, who, I now learnt, had been one of the Lady Dorothea's slighted admirers.

PART III.

THE LAST TIME.

As may be easily supposed, after my visit to the Abbey, and the story I had heard in the picture gallery there, the subject of my early adventure with which it had been so strangely connected did not pass out of my mind as rapidly as it had previously done. On the contrary the laughter and incredulity with which it had been met had exactly the opposite effect. It stimulated me (as soon as I returned to town) to search among some old boxes containing various "relics" of my bachelorhood, for the sketch of which I had already spoken, and which I could not remember having destroyed.

If I had ever any doubts as to the exactness of my own memory, they disappeared at once, and for ever, when I came, as by a lucky chance I did, upon the missing canvas. With the single exception of the surrounding my sketch of ten years back might have been one taken from the portrait itself of the lovely Lady Dorothea Dysart then hanging in the picture gallery at Ditchley Abbey.

Nay, more! The thing "like a strap," which I had noticed she held in her hand I now recognized as the leash for her hound, with which, according to the old chronicle, she has gone out on the unhappy day of her elopement. I think I should have written to Verschoyle, and mentioned the fact to him but for an event which drove it out of my mind.

One of my children was taken ill with a dangerous and infectious disorder, and during the long weeks of her malady—a malady to which only death brought a termination—all idea or remembrance of anything connected with the realms of romance was banished from me by the obliterating hand of stern, hourly trouble and anxiety.

You may guess, then, at my surprise when, almost a twelvemonth afterward I received a note from Verschoyle, couched in the following words:

"DEAR LE FANE. Something has been discovered here, strangely connected with that picture in the gallery. It seems to make a horrible sequel to your adventure at which I'm afraid we made too merry last year. Lord Marloes thinks so at any rate, and therefore would like you, if you are still interested in the subject, to run down here and see the thing which was found two days ago.

Yours, &c.,

"E. VERSCHOYLE.

"P. S.—I don't know if you have heard that Tom Dysart has got his majority, and I am engaged to his sister-in-law, the young lady you met here at lunch?"

I had not heard it. I had heard nothing of the party since I had returned to London, and did not even know that

attracted my attention. Well, no sooner did I see the young lady I have sketched, than I became conscious in some unaccountable fashion that it was she, not I, who was being followed; that she saw what I could not see; and that it was this sight which brought the change over her face which I have described."

"And you have no idea what it was? You saw nothing! You have nothing more to tell us then?" cried Lord Marloes, in such evident disappointment, that, at the risk of molesting, I made up my mind to tell him all.

"I saw nothing," I answered; "but as to any idea what it was—if, as I expect, you have already set me down as a maniac, you will not be surprised at what I am now going to tell you: in keeping with the rest of my mania. You know that portrait of this fair lady's cousin? When I came in front of it last year, never having seen it before, mark you! nor having as yet seen hers. I felt (how or why I cannot tell you) that it was the step of the man painted there that I heard in this park ten years before; and I knew (how or why I cannot tell either) that it was he, and no other, who forced from her that cry for help which had made me hasten, though all in vain, to the rescue."

My host rose to my feet.

"Whether you are a maniac or not," he said, gravely, "your story is the strangest and most unaccountable I have ever heard; and you will not think it less so, when you have seen what I have to show you. Will you come this way?"

Without another word he opened the door and passed out of the room, Verschoyle and I following him.

At the entrance of the picture gallery, however, those two drew back, and suffered me to precede them a little. I did not go very far.

There on the wall before me, hung the painted image of the fair Lady Dorothea, whose discolored name had been a thorn and a slur on the family for so many generations, her bright eyes and laughing lips, which had carried away so many hearts, still beaming on me from the canvas in all the joyous coquetry of her youth and innocence.

There on the floor beneath it, stood a long dark case, of that ominous shape we all know too well, painted black, and covered with a cloth. At a sign from Lord Marloes, Verschoyle removed the latter, and, coming nearer, I saw laid within it the fleshless skeleton of a human figure. Brown, bare, hideous, and earthy, it lay there, with no sign of womanhood—no trace of beauty left, but with the lambent flash and lustre of the French King's diamonds still gleaming from the fleshless joints of the throat—still lying on either side of the grisly, blackened skull.

The pictured woman smiled down on me from above; the dead woman grinned up at me from below; and only those jewels remained to tell us, who looked upon them, that they were one and the same.

"My God!" I cried. "Do you mean to say that her body has been found? Where?"

Some one answered: who, I do not know;

"Within a few yards of the path at the further side of the little hill, from which you heard her cry for help."

"She never eloped, then, at all!" I went on, the ghastly truth dawning more fully on me. "She was murdered! Good heavens! murdered, and not for gain!"

Again some one answered:

"She was murdered, and not for gain. The proof is in those jewels left on her body. Something else was left, too. See?"

It was my host who pointed; and, stooping, I saw what had escaped my eyes before—the handle and a couple inches of the blade of a short hunting knife. The remainder of it was buried between the ribs on the left side of the body, where it had been left sticking after

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NO. 46.

would see no one; had that picture, nished as it was, hung up in the er, and covered with a black cloth; died in the course of a year or so?" And the cousin?" I asked. It had e over me with an unpleasant thrill the man with the sinister eyes id, after all, be connected with her. Ah! poor fellow, I'm afraid he must be a harder hit by the pretty runy men are nowadays. They say never got over her flight, but moped it for some weeks, and then went y, and joined the Commonwealth in of spleen. At her father's death he me ninth baron, and married a ch lady; but the Restoration took e shortly afterward, and he was of se a disgraced man; and whether as that, or a domestic jar (for they he led a cat-and-dog life with his), or the old wound, I know not, but died one day by his own hand. Yes, a handsome portrait; but we are proud of the original, for she was the woman of our race that ever 'went ng,' as the saying is; and, besides, she died off with her things of great value rest of the family.

Ah! the jewels," said his wife. "I often read of them in the Abbey nicles. Have you noticed how beau they are in the picture, Mr. Le e?"

Yes," added my host. "They were n us by a French King, and were of t value. She wore them when sitting er portrait, and she ran away with the same day. It was affair of the , for they didn't belong to her; and e doubtless broken up and sold for a h of their value by Master Groom." But they have recovered since I aimed. "The present lord's sister worn them, has she not? Pardon me, ve an object in asking," for I saw nishment on more than one face, and that I was bound to explain.

Most certainly not. They have never been heard of since her disappear; nor have we any like them in the ly," said my host, "May I ask your ct in—?"

One moment. You will laugh at me; let me ask you one other question.

You have a sister, or had, ten ago, most wonderfully like her ill lance-stress, have you not? and who a dress, made in exact imitation of an entertainment here? Perhaps would not know it; but it was in the of 1865."

Your questions certainly rouse my osity for their explanation," my host vered. We have a sister, undoubtedly who does not, in any way, resemble portrait. I myself was staying here ugh the spring and winter of 1865, there were no entertainments n here, beyond dinner parties and concert, at all. I remember the con because my sister came up to arrange it. It was at the beginning of ch—"

"Yes, yes," I said, eagerly; "the first k."

Verschoyle was again at the Abbey. I had missed him from town, but supposed he was somewhere with his regiment, and had not, indeed, given much thought to him. The body of the letter, however, was too mysteriously exciting to be disregarded. Artists are proverbially birds on the wing; and, having previously telegraphed to say I would come, I took the train for Ditchley that same afternoon.

At the Abbey I was received, not by my former hosts, but by Verschoyle and Lord Marloes himself, the latter of whom met me in the hall with an air of satisfaction at my coming, nningled with a certain gravity and excitement which showed me that the discovery alluded to was not without serious import. My questions as to what it was were, however, disregarded by both gentlemen; and while I was taking some refreshments after my journey, Verschoyle seized the opportunity to question me over again as to my adventure, which he had already related to Lord Marloes, asking me to repeat every little detail of the walk; and remarking, with some acumen, that my remembrance of the whole affair was more vivid than when I had first spoken it.

I said that was perfectly true; as, when a long by gone history is suddenly recalled to one's mind, the minor incidents connected with it are less apt to come to the surface than when subsequent thought has cleared and revivified the impressions of the past. Likewise, that had been fortunate in finding a sketch made the day after the occurrence I had described; as also some private notes, chiefly relating to sky tints and other data of the day's work, but containing sundry details bearing on the event in question, and which I might otherwise have forgotten.

"A sketch! That is more fortunate than I expected," cried Lord Marloes. "You didn't know of that, Verschoyle? I hope, Mr. Le Fane, you have got it with you!"

My answer was to take the canvas from a small square parcel which I had brought into the room, and to lay it on the table before him.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the surprise of both Lord Marloes and his friend when they looked at what was, to all appearance, a copy of the picture upstairs. It was not till after some minutes had been given to its expression, and Verschoyle had pointed out the words, "A sister of Lord Marloes, taken in Ditchley Park," with the date roughly scrawled in paint on the back of the canvas, that my host said:

"You mentioned a look of feight and offence on the girl's face; but here it is bright enough, with somewhat of a listening expression, according to my idea."

"Your idea is correct. That is precisely the expression she wore when she turned her head as if to look whence the approaching footsteps came. It was not till she saw—not till afterward, that

the below was dealt which, in one deep rent, let out the young life within and made a Cain the more on earth.

"Look narrowly at the handle," said Lord Marloes, his voice seeming to break harshly on the silence, as we stood gazing downward, too awed for words. "You see that it is of silver, and rather curiously shaped; also that it bears the family crest. Now, look there!"

I knew beforehand where he was pointing—at that portrait to which now, as before, I felt an instinctive repugnance to lift my eyes. I knew beforehand that the man there wore a knife with such a handle in his belt. Not that I remembered having noticed it previously. Probably most men carried weapons at that time.

"I believe, if one were to take it out and clean it, it would be found to be identical with that in the painting," said Verschoyle curiously. No one touched it, however, and as if by one accord we turned shivering away. Some one lingered to throw the cover again over that ghastly form. Her name had suffered outrage enough in all these years. It was time to show her some respect now.

Down stairs, Lord Marloes said:

"It was in making a path across the plantation that the laborers came on it, buried in a hollow long overgrown with weeds and brambles. The body had evidently been flung down there immediately after the murder, and loosely heaped over with leaves, boughs, and shingle. Time had done the rest. The only wonder is that it was never discovered before."

"Yes, that is the wonder." No one said any more. The awfulness and mystery were still too heavy on us. After a minute, Lord Marloes added:

"The knife might have had a fellow, or have been stolen by some one else. We haven't any proof that he used it."

There was no answer this time. I don't suppose that one of us felt the smallest doubt on that subject. If that vision from the dead were not proof, if that nameless thrill creeping over a stranger at the sight of the murderer's face were not substantiation damnable and sure, what evidence could any mortal man bring now to bear upon the past?

I have nothing more to add. I left the Abbey that evening; and I have not happened to meet any of its occupants since. I cannot say I even wish to enter it again, or envy the future wearers of those famous jewels, which, for near three hundred years, had been the funeral tiring of a corpse, and are now, I hear, restored to their old dignity in the family cofers.

It is possible that you who read this may laugh at the whole story, and look on me as a lunatic, a spiritualist, or worse. Be it so. All I have to say is that which I saw I saw with my own eyes; that which I did not understand I have not attempted to explain. As to my solution of the mystery, any reason why a stranger and a passer-by should (if it were so) have been singled out for the witness of a message from the grave

MOTHER, KISS ME GOOD NIGHT.

Dear mother, when my prayer is said,
Before you take the light,
Oh! lean your head so closely down,
And always kiss "good night;"
For I am happier in my dreams,
And sleep in sweeter rest,
If I have laid my lips to thine,
And thine to mine are pressed.

One kiss, dear mother, for the love
My heart keeps warm for the;
And one for all the tenderness
Thy sweet eyes look to me,
Kiss me for forgiveness for my wrongs;
Kiss me with hope and prayer
That I shall be a better child,
And more reward thy care.

Kiss me for some poor orphan child,
To whom no kiss is given;
And next for all the happy ones,
And then for one in Heaven.
Kiss me for everything I love,
The beautiful, and bright;
Sweet mother, kiss me for thyself
Once more and now "good-night."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S NEW TITLE.

Mr. Fawcett, M. P., in a speech recently delivered before his constituents at Shoreditch, said: "Of all the foolish things the present Government had done and there were many, the most foolish was to change the time honoured title of our Sovereign, and to give to the Indian people a Sovereign with a name which we repudiate here. He regarded with great misgiving what was done at Delhi last week. Never before did we attempt to exhibit Western civilization to the people of India by entering with them upon a rivalry of barbaric splendour and meretricious glitter. Depend upon it that anything we might attempt in that direction would only impress them with a feeling of their own superiority. Never, moreover, was any ceremonial performed at so inopportune a time. They might get details of all the expenses spent in this tomfoolery—£200 spent on a herald's and perhaps £2,000 on an elephant's trappings—but there was something they would never know, and that was the extent to which the native Princes would be encouraged to enter into a revelry of wasteful extravagance, and its effects upon the people under their rule. While this expenditure was going on at Delhi, in two of the greatest provinces in India hundreds and thousands of people were suffering all the horrors of famine, and in another part of India 250,000 people in a single hour were drowned in their beds, while 500,000 had their homes destroyed and everything they possessed swept away. This was surely not the time when England should have sanctioned a costly and useless extravagance.

JEALOUSLY'S TROUBLES.

A young married man, of extremely jealous disposition, recently visited one of the most famous clairvoyants in the city. Being far from home, he wanted to know what his wife was doing.

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"That is strange," said Benedict; "who can she expect?"

"Some one enters the door, and she crosses him fondly," went on the clair-

"It can't be," exclaimed the excited husband; "my wife is true to me."

"Now he lays his head in her lap and looks tenderly in her eyes."

"It is false; I'll make you pay dearly for it," yelled the jealous husband.

"Now he wags his tail," said the medium.

Mr. green-eyed monster subsided, and The Youngbloods cheerfully paid over

doubtless broken up and sold for a of their value by Master Groom." ut they have recovered since?" I inquired. "The present lord's sister orn them, has she not? Pardon me, e an object in asking," for I saw shism on more than one face, and at I was bound to explain.

ost certainly not. They have never been heard of since her disappearance; nor have we any like them in the r," said my host, "May I ask you in—?"

ne moment. You will laugh at me; t me ask you one other question

You have a sister, or had, ten ago, most wonderfully like her ill ancestress, have you not? and who a dress, made in exact imitation of it an entertainment here? Perhaps could not know it; but it was in the g of 1865."

our questions certainly rouse my ity for their explanation," my host red. We have a sister, undoubtedly he does not, in any way, resemble ortrait. I myself was staying here gh the spring and winter of 1865, there were no entertainments here, beyond dinner parties and concert, at all. I remember the con because my sister came up to arrange it. It was at the beginning of h—

as, yes," I said, eagerly; "the first

nd she took the whole management

My brother's wife was then too te for anything of the sort. As to ress, I don't remember what it was, ly velvet—she is the eldest of the y, you know—but certainly in no essembling this. Verschoyle knows

very well. She married Lord Castle n the year afterward."

ly Castlearden! Of course I knew ell, too, by sight; had seen her of times in the Park and Row. A handsome woman enough, but who have been past thirty ten years ago; an no more like—no more to be arred with the lovely, liquid-eyed y of that spring evening, than is to morning.

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described; as also some private notes, chiefly relating to sky tints and other data of the day's work, but containing sundry details bearing on the event in question, and which I might otherwise have forgotten.

"A sketch! That is more fortunate than I expected," cried Lord Marloes. "You didn't know of that, Verschoyle? I hope, Mr. Le Fane, you have got it with you!"

My answer was to take the canvas from a small square parcel which I had brought into the room, and to lay it on the table before him.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the surprise of both Lord Marloes and his friend when they looked at what was, to all appearance, a copy of the picture up stairs. It was not till after some minutes had been given to its expression, and Verschoyle had pointed out the words, "A sister of Lord Marloes, taken in Ditchley Park," with the date roughly scrawled in paint on the back of the canvas, that my host said:

"You mentioned a look of fright and offence on the girl's face; but here it is bright enough with somewhat of a listening expression, according to my idea."

"Your idea is correct. That is precisely the expression she wore when she turned her head as if to look whence the approaching footsteps came. It was not till she saw—not till afterward, that her face-changed, and she turned her head directly and hurried on."

My host looked at me keenly.

"Pardon me," he said, "but you altered your sentence just now. You were going to say she saw—what? May I ask you to go on?"

"I would rather not, my lord; simply because what I was going to add appears even to myself too fanciful to be put into words. But it is this I mentioned to you the resulting sound like the stealthy step of some one following me which first attracted my attention. Well, no sooner did I see the young lady I have sketched, than I became conscious in some unaccountable fashion that it was she, not I, who was being followed; that she saw what I could not see; and that it was this sight which brought the change over her face which I have described."

"And you have no idea what it was? You saw nothing! You have nothing more to tell us then?" cried Lord Marloes, in such evident disappintment, that, at the risk of molesting, I made up my mind to tell him all. /

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Without another word he opened the door and passed out of the room, Verschoyle and I following him.

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There on the wall before me, hung the painted image of the fair Lady Dorothea, whose discolored name had been a thorn and a slur on the family for so many generations, her bright eyes and laughing lips, which had carried away so many hearts, still beaming on me from the canvas in all the joyous coquetry of her youth and innocence.

There on the floor beneath it stood a

said any more. The awfulness and mystery were still too heavy on us. After a minute, Lord Marloes added:

"The knife might have had a fellow, or have been stolen by some one else. We haven't any proof that he used it."

There was no answer this time. I don't suppose that one of us felt the smallest doubt on that subject. If that vision from the dead were not proof, if that nameless thrill creeping over [a stranger at the sight of the murderer's face were not substantiation damnable and sure, what evidence could any mortal man bring now to bear upon the past?

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"Well, what did you see?"

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"Now he wags his tail," said the husband.

Mr. green-eyed monster subsided, and The Youngblood paid over his five dollars.

REMARKABLE MARKSMANSHIP.

Two brothers named Watson have been giving remarkable exhibitions of foolhardiness and skill in Tony Pastor's Theatre, New York. They had billed as "noted Western scouts and sharpshooters," and have the look of frontiersmen. They begin by displaying rifles, and shooting bullets through blocks of wood, to prove that the ammunition and missiles are genuine. On both sides of the stage, close to the front, thick wooden pads are placed for the bullets to lodge in.

At the beginning of the display of marksmanship one man holds an apple in his fingers, and the other shoot a ball through it from across the stage; and next the man who had risked his fingers becomes the shooter in a repetition of the last. Each in turn hits the bull's eye of a target ten times without a miss, the bull's eye being just above the head of the brother who holds the apple. A potato is placed on one's head and shot off by the other, the potato being split to pieces and the bullet entering the pad in front of which the holder stands. This feat is repeated many times, the brothers changing the attitudes, and holding the rifle in position, seemingly awkward enough to increase the peril. The brothers wheel quickly and shoot potatoes simultaneously off each other's heads. The other day one of the potatoes was barely grazed, but a second trial was more successful. A canard was snuffed by a bullet; and as a culmination, one held a lighted cigar in his mouth and the other shot off the ashes, the distance being the entire length of the stage. The brothers, who profess to have acquired their skill by long practice on the plains, use breech loading rifles, and handle them with wonderful quickness. The youngest seems to be the best marksman—at least he fires the quicker after getting his weapon up to aim, and rarely fails to hit. The oldest sometimes misses.

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one of my children was taken ill with gorous and infectious disorder, and the long weeks of her malady aladay to which only death brought nition—all idea or remembrance ything connected with the realms of oe was banished from me by the rating hand of stern, hourly trouble nxiety.

may guess, then, at my surprise, almost a twelvemonth afterward ed a note from Verschoyle, in the following words:

EAR LE FANE: Something has been vered here, strangely connected with picture in the gallery. It seems to a horrible sequel to your adventure ich I'm afraid we made too merry ear. Lord Marloes thinks so at, and therefore would like you, are still interested in the subject, to own here and see the thing which found two days ago.

Yours, &c.,

E. VERSCHOYLE.

S.—I don't know if you have heard Tom Dysart has got his majority, I am engaged to his sister-in-law, "dang lady you met here at lunch?" ad not heard it. I had heard nothing e party since I had returned to ton, and did not even know that

you the resulting sound like the stealthy step of some one following me which first attracted my attention. Well, no sooner did I see the young lady I have sketched, than I became conscious in some unaccountable fashion that it was she, not I, who was being followed; and that she saw what I could not see; and that it was this sight which brought the change over her face which I have described."

"And you have no idea what it was? You saw nothing! You have nothing more to tell us then?" cried Lord Marloes, in such evident disappointment, that, at the risk of mockery, I made up my mind to tell him all.

"I saw nothing," I answered; "but as to any idea what it was—if, as I expect, you have already set me down as a maniac, you will not be surprised at what I am now going to tell you being in keeping with the rest of my mind. You know that portrait of this fair lady's cousin? When I came in front of it last year, never having seen it before, mark you! nor having as yet seen hers, I felt (how or why I cannot tell you) that it was the step of the man painted there that I heard in this park ten years before; and I knew (how or why I cannot tell either) that it was he, and no other, who forced from her that cry for help which had made me hasten, though all in vain, to the rescue."

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Without another word he opened the door and passed out of the room, Verschoyle and I following him.

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There on the wall before me, hung the painted image of the fair Lady Dorothea, whose disgraced name had been a thorn and a slur on the family for so many generations, her bright eyes and laughing lips, which had carried away so many hearts, still beaming on me from the canvas in all the joyous coquetry of her youth and innocence.

There on the floor beneath it, stood a long deal case, of that ominous shape we all know too well, painted black, and covered with a cloth. At a sign from Lord Marloes, Verschoyle removed the latter, and, coming nearer, I saw laid within it the fleshless skeleton of a human figure. Brown, bare, hideous, and earthy, it lay there, with no sign of womanliness—no trace of beauty left, but with the lambent flash and lustre of the French King's diamonds still gleaming from the fleshless joints of the throat—still lying on either side of the grisly, blackened skull.

The pictured woman smiled down on me from above; the dead woman grinned up at me from below; and only these jewels remained to tell us, who looked upon them, that they were one and the same.

"My God!" I cried. "Do you mean to say that her body has been found? Where?"

Some one answered: who, I do not know:

"Within a few yards of the path at the further side of the little hill, from which you heard her cry for help."

"She never eloped, then, at all!" I went on, the ghastly truth dawning more fully on me. "She was murdered! Good heavens! murdered, and not for gain!"

Again some one answered:

"She was murdered, and not for gain. The proof is in those jewels left on her body. Something else was left, too. See?"

It was my host who pointed; and, stooping, I saw what had escaped my eyes before—the handle and a couple inches of the blade of a short hunting knife. The remainder of it was buried between the ribs on the left side of the body, where it had been left sticking after

and such as they are, I have given them to you.

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"Oh, Mr. Pettingill, wait till I go and call Emily to come and hear all about it," and the old lady hurried out.

"I Won't be here when she comes back," said Mr. Pettingill, taking up his hat in a hurry, "and so she may not hear all about it. I am determined when I am telling about this Centennial business to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me Bob."

THE BEATEN PARTY.

"My son," said a pious father, to hopeful son, "you did not saw any wood for the kitchen stove yesterday, as I told you to do; you left the back gate open and let the cow out; you cut off eighteen feet of the clothes line to make a lasso; you stoned Mr. Robertson's pet dog and lamed it; you put a hard shell turtle in the hired girl's bed; you tied a strange dog to Mr. Jacobson's door-bell, and painted red and green stripes on the legs of old Mrs. Polaby's white pony, and hung your sister's bustle out at the front window. Now what au I—what can I do to you for such conduct?" "Are all the counties heard from?" asked the young candidate. The father replied sternly, "No trifling, sir; I have yet several reports to receive from others of the neighbors." "Then," replied the boy, "you will not be justified in proceeding to extreme measures until the official account is in." Shortly afterward the election was thrown into the house, and before half the voters were canvassed, it was evident from the peculiar intonation of the applause, that the boy was very badly beaten.

17,000 copies of Vennor's Almanac were sold in January.

men. They begin by displaying rifles, and shooting bullets through blocks of wood, to prove that the ammunition and missiles are genuine. On both sides of the stage, close to the front, thick wooden pads are placed for the bullets to lodge in.

At the beginning of the display of marksmanship one man holds an apple in his fingers, and the other shoot a ball through it from across the stage; and next the man who had risked his fingers becomes the shooter in a repetition of the last. Each in turn hits the ball's eye of a target ten times without a miss, the ball's eye being just above the head of the brother who holds the apple. A potato is placed on one's head and shot off by the other, the potato being split to pieces and the bullet entering the pad in front of which the holder stands. This feat is repeated many times, the brothers changing the attitudes, and holding the rifle in position, seemingly awkward enough to increase the peril. The brothers wheel quickly and shoot potatoes simultaneously off each other's heads. The other day one of the potatoes was barely grazed, but a second trial was more successful. A candle was snuffed by a bullet; and as a culmination, one held a lighted cigar in his mouth and the other shot off the ashes, the distance being the entire length of the stage. The brothers, who profess to have acquired their skill by long practice on the plains, use breech-loading rifles, and handle them with wonderful quickness. The youngest seems to be the best marksman, at least he fires the quicker after getting his weapon up to aim, and rarely fails to hit. The oldest sometimes misses.

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Julia Stockfield, a prisoner at Lacrosse jail, Minn., suocided by setting her clothes on fire with coal from a stove.

A woman at West Pittson, Pa., named Parish, assisted by her servant girl Bridget Martin, was guilty of the horrible cruelty of putting the bare body of a child four years old, upon a red-hot stove in punishment for some trivial fault. The two brutal creatures have been arrested and will be tried and punished for their monstrous crime.

Five converts were immersed in the Schuylkill, near Green Tree, Penn., on Sunday last by the Rev. Jacob Gotwals, Dunkard minister. The water was very cold, but the current was so swift that no ice had formed at the point where the ceremony was performed. In accordance with the Dunkard ritual each convert was immersed three times—in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. One lady nearly fainted from the effects of cold and exposure. Another lady, who was rather stout, was taken off her feet by the strength of the current, and the minister was so cold that when he caught her he had not strength to hold her and was carried down stream with her. Two bystanders on the bank plunged in and rescued them just as they were on the point of being swept under the cold ice. The converts had been urged to wait until warmer weather, but were unwilling to defer the ceremony.

OTTAWA, Jan. 30.—Yesterday afternoon after the funeral of Mrs. John McKenna, Dr. Lynn accompanied Mr. McKenna to the Roman Catholic dead house to inspect the body and put it in condition for shipment to Ireland. After this had been done, the doctor put his hand under one of the coffins, and lifting it discovered that it was empty. There were thirty-two coffins in the dead house, and upon further examination it was found that four had been opened and the bodies removed.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Kingston wants free postal delivery. A district is defined in Manitoba to be set apart for penitentiary purposes.

Sunday marriages in Detroit are illegal, but the Legislature will remedy the matter in future.

Queen Victoria has seen a change in the occupancy of ever European throne since she became a sovereign.

Owing to the inadequate police protection, extensive burglaries have been committed in Montreal in broad daylight.

The Detroit Board of Trade on Monday adopted a memorial to the Canadian authorities asking that the Welland Canal be kept open on Sundays.

The steamer Watertown, at Toronto, was boarded and ransacked from stem to stern. Everything portable was carried off, and some damage done.

A large number of the Jesuits expelled from Germany, have gone to India. They have established a college in Bombay and have 500 pupils.

The most laconic will on record is that of a man who died in 1872. It ran thus: "I have nothing; I owe a great deal—the rest I give to the poor."

A maple tree was recently chopped by John Robinson and W. Atkinson, on the farm of J. Watson, 3rd line, Blanchard, which made ten cords of three-foot wood.

One good lay brother found difficulty in pronouncing the names of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, and when he came to them said naively; "Please, the same three gentlemen as before."

The Coroner's jury in the inquest on the victims of the Brooklyn theatre find that two of the victims came to their deaths by burns, and that the remaining 218 died of suffocation.

The Brussels Post asks:—"Are there any whole-souled, warm-hearted Christian women in town who will put forth efforts to establish a Dorcas society for the relief of the poor?"

The Maine prohibitionists, who are very radical in their notions of sumptuary legislation, are endeavouring to pass through the State Legislature a bill which classes cider among intoxicating drinks.

A Temperance reform is to be tried in Birmingham, England, the same as in Gothenburg, Sweden, where the town controls the sale of liquor, dictates where it shall be sold, who shall sell it, and at what prices.

Three body-snatchers broke into the basement of the Roman Catholic Church at Vaudreuil and removed three female corpses, which were found by the husbands of the deceased, buried in the snow in Montreal.

Extensive Customs frauds have been traced to leading firms in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, in which several United States consuls are found to be implicated.

The recent order discriminating against the employment of Canadian surgeons on the Allan steamships having been brought to the notice of the Premier, the Government have requested the Imperial Government to rescind the order as soon as possible.

A clergyman's widow gave this advice to a young lady friend the other day. "Jane, if you ever marry a minister, marry one who in an emergency has enough of the grace of God in his heart to go from the pulpit to the kitchen and pare potatoes for dinner without growling."

During the Centennial Exhibition there were sold at the Bible Pavilion, upon the Exhibition ground, 3,884 Bibles, 9,489 New Testaments, and 13,332 portions of

GREAT COST SALE!

THE

—AT—

"CHEAPSIDE."

WE DO NOT INTEND GOING TO CHICAGO OR ELSEWHERE, but as a means of self defence, in order to hold our trade together, and do our share of what business is going, we are now offering our

WHOLE STOCK AT COST.

This is a rare chance for intending purchasers, especially so in these hard times, when cash is so scarce, as our Stock is all fresh and Seasonable, we offer inducements unsurpassed if equalled by any other house in Town.

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"Julius, s'pose dere are six chickens in de coop, and de man sells three ob 'em, how many is left?" "What time ob day was it?" "Why, what has dat to do wid it?" "Sartin, nigga, if it was dark dar wouldn't be none left—dat way!" "Look ye here, nigga, jist stop dem pers'nalities. If ye don't, I'll explore yer head wid a pump handle."

SPEAK IN A LOW VOICE.—A good Quaker eighty-five years of age, whom no one had ever heard speak a cross word, was asked by a young man how he had been able, through the trials and perplexities of a long life, to keep always so pleasant. He replied, "If you never allow your voice to rise, you will not be likely ever to get very angry."

At Clapham Junction, near London, no less than 952 trains pass daily, their rate of succession during the business part of the day being seventy-five trains per hour, or one every forty-eight seconds. At this point there are thirteen lines of railway, and one alone has thirty-five "points" or switches, with thirty intersecting signals, all controlled from a single "box."

In a single city in Mexico can often be counted a dozen or more ruined and dilapidated churches, once the scene of religious activity. Our fine mission property in the City of Mexico, with its parsonage, orphanage, chapel, class-rooms, and magnificent church, was once a part of a convent. In the great church of San Francisco, once the second church in Mexico, are now held Protestant services.

The Jews are not in favor of woman rabbis, as the *Jewish Messenger*, when speaking of the Newark case, shows:—"This is an innovation that the entire people will rise as one man to condemn, and we advise the persons who entertain such revolutionary ideas to turn their cogitations to better uses—rapid transit, chemilooms, or some other more congenial subject. Women may talk elsewhere without restriction, but in synagogue and temple they are emphatically to be seen, not heard."

The coloured Baptist convention of Alabama takes a discouraging view of the religious condition of its race in that State. The report of one of its committees says there is "a confused and bewildered state of things" among the ministers and churches; that there is "very little spiritual, moral, and educational advancement;" that the outlook for the young is very dark; that "intemperance, immorality, and ignorance seem to be binding the race in their slavish chains;" and that in consequence of false doctrines held forth from pulpits, the people are drifting into many hurtful habits.

How is this?—Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself has said, this is my own, my native ice? It lies in front of my own door; pedestrians tramp it o'er and o'er, some slip and fall and break their noses, while others creep on hand and tseses, and with

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Great Driv

NEW FALL GOODS IN HATS AND CAPS, CLOTHING And Gents Furnishings,

JUST ARRIVING, IN LARGE QUANTITY



AT JOHN RENNIE'S,
NEXT DOOR TO SLAVEN & IRONSIDE.



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Dexter, the tamer of oxen, created a great sensation on the streets, says a Cheyenne paper, by appearing in a carriage drawn by four milk-white oxen, all in harness and driven tandem. The beasts pranced along in fine style. Governor Thayer was invited to take a ride, and was driven about for some time by Dexter. Other gentlemen also enjoyed the novelty. Dexter says that either of his oxen can trot a mile in 3.47. He offers to bet any amount of money that he can load a wagon with 4,500 pounds of freight, attach his four oxen, and make better time to Deadwood, than any four-horse or mule team with the same load can possibly do,



AT 1011 BROADWAY,

NEXT DOOR TO SLAVEN & IRONSIDE.

All the latest New York, London and Paris, Styles of Hats and Caps, in Wool, Felt and Silk.

MENS AND BOYS CLOTHING, CHEAPER THAN EVER.

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McMULLEN'S OLD STAND, CENTRE BLOCK, OPPOSITE THE CAMPBELL HOUSE.

A. & C. R. ASHLEY.

BOOTS &

Which we have lat
Boots

We ask every man
a pair of Boots

RENNIE'S CO

NAPANEE EXPRESS, FEB. 9, 1871.

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E. HOOPER & SONS.

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FATS AND CADS

THE GREAT SLAUGHTER

—OF—

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

STILL GOING ON AT

R. DOWNEY & BROS'.

Store Crowded to Overflowing Every Day

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN,

Rushng to Secure the Great Bargains

R. DOWNEY & BROS.

WILL OFFER THIS COMING WEEK,

Great Drives in Tapestry and Wool Carpet

LACE CURTAINS,

DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, TWEEDS, FULLCLOTHS, &c., &c.,

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FINE WATCHES

GOLD &

ELGIN WATCHES



BY THE MOST

Celebrated Makers

ENGLISH,

AMERICAN, &

GENEVA.

GOLD CHAINS

BROOCHES,

SETS.

DIAMOND

AND OTHER GEM RINGS.

MARBLE AND GIL

CLOCKS, &c.

F. CHINNECK, Napanee

ILVER,

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SPECTACLES.

SILVER WARE



Crockery! Crockery!

AT
COST PRICE.

WE OFFER OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF
CROCKERY & GLASSWARE,
AT COST PRICE,
IN ORDER TO MAKE ROOM FOR AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

BOOTS &



SHOES,

Which we have lately purchased at a very large discount. Our new stock of
Boots and Shoes, will arrive next week per G. T. R.

We ask every man woman and child in the Counties, to call at once, and secure
a pair of Boots for the winter, as they may never have such an opportunity
of buying so good an article for so little money.

BE SURE YOU COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE.

RENNIE'S CORNER STORE, DUNDAS STREET, NAPANEE

FRASER & RENNIE.

EB. 9, 1877.

THE GREAT SLAUGHTER

—OF—

GOODS AND CLOTHING,

STILL GOING ON AT

DOWNEY & BROS'.

Crowded to Overflowing Every Day

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN,

Hig to Secure the Great Bargains.

R. DOWNEY & BROS.

WILL OFFER THIS COMING WEEK,

Drives in Tapestry and Wool Carpets

LACE CURTAINS,

GOODS. SHAWLS. TWEEDS. FULLCLOTHS. &c. &c.

TO

CARRIAGE MAKERS!

NOW ON HAND AND ARRIVING, A LARGE STOCK OF

Carriage Goods of Every Description,

CARRIAGE SPRINGS AND AXLES,
CARRIAGE AND TIRE BOLTS,
BAR, HOOP AND BAND IRON,
DASH AND TOP LEATHER,
CARRIAGE BANDS,
SHAFT SHACKLES,
SPRING, TIRE AND CAST STEL,
BENT SHAFTS AND RIMS,
HUBS AND SPOKES,
ENAMELLED CLOTHS,
BELLows, VICES AND ANVILS,
ALEX AND SPRING BAR CLIPS.

And Every Other Article in Carriage Hardware.

As we are buying above Good

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS,

And for Cash, we are in a position to

OFFER THEM LOWEY THAN EVER BEFORE.

WRIGHT & Co.

Napanee, Jan. 1877.

43-ly.

GIBBARD & SON,

ARE SELLING OFF THEIR LARGE STOCK OF

PARLOR and BEDROOM FURNITURE,

—AT—

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY!!

WILL UNDERSELL

Any Other House in this part of the Province

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R. DOWNEY & BROS.

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FUNERAL FURNISHINGS

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

J. CIBBARD & SON.



The Largest, Best Equipped, Most Thorough

AND

Practical Business School in Canada.

HAVING increased our facilities, we now offer better advantages than ever before. The Business Course is under the supervision of

S. G. BEATTY, Principal Actual Business Department.

W. B. ROBINSON, Principal Practical Department.

G. A. SWAYZE, Principal Theoretical Department.

IT IS SHORT, PRACTICAL AND USEFUL.

Able and Practical Instructors in the other Departments.

The whole time and attention of Students are devoted to just such subjects as every Farmer, Mechanic, Merchant, and Professional man requires in transacting every day business.

When desired by parents, boys will be placed in a boarding house under the supervision of a teacher, who will assist them in their evening studies, and see that they keep proper hours.

Specimens of Penmanship and circular containing full information respecting Terms, Nature of Course, etc., sent free of charge.

Address, S. G. BEATTY & CO.,
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.



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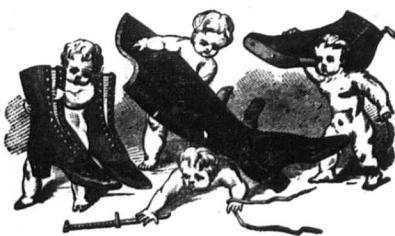
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SAVE YOUR MONEY!

Times are hard and you can avoid buying new clothes if you will get those you have discarded and scoured so as to

LOOK AS GOOD AS NEW,

at a trifling expense. Remember that at

Montgomery's Steam Dye Works,

Opposite Madden's Tannery, near the River, all kinds of goods are cleaned and dyed on the shortest notice, and at the cheapest rates.

GETNLEMEN'S CLOTHING, MOURNING GOODS KID GLOVES, PLUMES, &c.

CLEANED AND DYED.

Call and give Montgomery a trial and be satisfied.

MONEY TO LOAN.

We have received instructions from England, to Lend a large amount of Money,

AT LOWER RATES THAN HAS YET BEEN OFFERED.

CALL IN AND EXAMINE RATES.

NO COMMISSION CHARGED.

WILLIAMS & HOOPER.